

# The Herald and News.

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## ONLY SMEAR OF FLOTSAM MARKS GRAVE OF LUSITANIA

Six Hundred and Forty-five Survivors of Lusitania Quartered at Queenstown with Over One Hundred Bodies in Improvised Morgues—Injuries of Some So Serious That Death May Come Soon—Trying Scenes of Tragedy Made Many Heroes

The Cunard line steamship Lusitania, which left New York on May 1, was torpedoed and sunk by German submarines off Kinsdale, Ireland, Friday afternoon.

It is thought that twelve hundred and fifty-six persons lost their lives in the disaster, of whom 115 were Americans.

Among the prominent Americans whose bodies have been recovered or who are given up as dead are Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, multi-millionaire; Charles Klein, playwright; Justus M. Forman, playwright; Elbert Hubbard, writer; Dr. F. S. Pearson, of New York, and others.

The Cunard company in a revised list of those aboard stated that there were 1,251 passengers and 650 crew, a total of 1,901. Of the 188 Americans on board, United States Consul Frost reports that he can account for but 73 saved.

Capt. Turner, commander of the Lusitania, has refused so far to make any formal statement. His first remark on landing was one of quiet irony:

"Well," he said, "it is the fortune of war."

The captain secluded himself during the night in apartments over the town bank, at Queenstown, but was able to be about on Saturday in uniform. He displayed great grief over the loss of his vessel.

**Berlin Places Blame on Owners.**

The following official communication was sent out from Berlin under date May 9, via London:

"The Cunard liner Lusitania was yesterday torpedoed by a German submarine and sunk. The Lusitania was not only armed with guns, as were recently most of the English mercantile steamers, but, as is well known here, she had large quantities of war material in her cargo.

"Her owners, therefore, knew to what danger the passengers were exposed. They alone bear all the responsibility for what has happened.

"Germany, on her part, left nothing undone to repeatedly and strongly warn them. The imperial ambassador in Washington even went so far as to make a public warning, so as to draw attention to this danger. The English newspapers sneered then at the warning and relied on the protection of the British fleet to safeguard Atlantic traffic."

The following is the latest Associated Press report of the disaster:

Queenstown, May 9.—A smear of flotsam on the face of a calm sea 23 miles from this port marks the grave of the Cunarder Lusitania, victim of a German submarine. One hundred and forty-nine of the 1,200 persons who perished with the liner lie in improvised morgues in old buildings that line the Queenstown harbor. They either were picked up dead or succumbed after landing.

The 645 survivors of the disaster here are quartered in hotels, residences and hospitals, some too badly hurt to be moved. Two groups left Saturday afternoon and evening clad in misfit clothing for Dublin by rail and thence by boat to Holy Head. The injuries of some are so serious that additional deaths are expected and nearly all are too dazed to understand fully what has happened.

The survivors do not agree as to whether the submarine fired one or two torpedoes. A few say they saw the periscope and many attest to tracing the wake of foam as a projectile raced towards the vessel.

**Vital Blow Amidships.**

The only points on which all concur is that the torpedo struck the vessel a vital blow amidships, causing her to list almost immediately to the starboard. In this careening fashion she plowed forward some distance, smashing the lifeboats' davits as she did so and making the launching of boats well nigh impossible until headway had ceased.

How far the Lusitania struggled forward after being struck and how long it was before she disappeared beneath the waves are points on which passengers disagree, estimates of time she remained afloat ranging from eight to 20 minutes. The list to starboard so elevated lifeboats on the port side as to render them useless, only two boats being landed from this side.

The first of these, according to the customs of the sea, was filled with women and children. It struck the water unevenly, capsizing and throwing its 60 occupants into the sea. The Lusitania even then was making considerable headway and women and children were swept to death in spite of the attempts of two stokers to rescue them. These heroic men, according to passengers, were drowned.

After that several boats were launched successfully, but the steamer's list grew more perilous, the decks slanting to such an angle that it was necessary to cling to the starboard rail. Many by this time had donned life belts and jumped. Several lifeboats broke adrift unoccupied and the sea became a froth of oars, chairs, debris and human bodies.

**Many Women Saved.**

Two stokers seeing a drifting boat recovered it, and put in nearly 40 persons, mostly women. The Lusitania's crew, meanwhile, adhered to the letter to instructions and the discipline was rigid, although one or two subordinate officers are said to have told a group of passengers who had climbed into a boat that there was no immediate danger and advised them to remain on deck a while longer. Whether this was due to the fact that the subordinates lost their heads, or to their conviction that the ship's bulkheads would save her, never will be determined.

All day yesterday in hotel corridors, halls and reception rooms survivors sat listlessly, still too dazed to discuss what had occurred. They were dressed in a variety of garments. Some were crying, some were trying to force down nourishment. In front of the small Cunard line offices on the water front a crowd surged, clamoring for news of relatives.

Farther down the street a crowd crammed the small government telegraph office where three clerks and three operators strove desperately to keep abreast of the ever-growing stream of messages.

In four morgues lay the dead. The body of Charles Frohman, his features placid, lay face upward in a bare room in an old building 100 yards from the water's edge. Around him were ranged 50 bodies, over which attendants were bending, sorting and ticketing their belongings. Those men best fitted to chronicle the last moments of the Lusitania, Elbert Hubbard, Justus M. Forman, Alfred G. Vanderbilt and others, apparently all went to their graves with her.

The Lusitania's speed at the time she was struck is variously estimated from 8 to 21 knots.

**Battery of Submarines in Wait.**

Survivors and Cunard line officials believe that a battery of underwater craft, perhaps four or five, lay in wait, posted advantageously along the route it was surmised the liner would take. It was easy to keep all but the tips of the periscopes submerged and then for the craft nearest to let go torpedoes.

Queenstown was almost as much dazed by the tragedy as those aboard the Lusitania. The question on every lip is: "Why did Capt. Turner pursue the usual well known Cunard line course so close to the Irish coast at medium speed, and why was not the big liner conveyed?"

Several naval officers here say the Lusitania received wireless orders to take a course in the middle channel, but the ship's wireless operator declined to say whether he received such orders.

In striking contrast to most historic sea disasters, the rate of mortality among first class passengers seems to be heavier than among any other class on board. A large proportion of those saved are members of the crew, but this is not evidence of lack of discipline, as most of them were picked up from the water. The captain of a trawler who arrived in the harbor soon after the accident with 146 survivors, mostly women and children, when reproached for not staying longer on the chance of picking up more survivors said:

"There were many left in the water, but they were dead and many were so mangled I thought it better to bring ashore my boat load of suffering women, as they could not have stood much more."

that, I imagine, is the main purpose of a real automobile. But I reckon most any of them will give you trouble. And I believe if I could get a car at all I'd be like the fellow who wrote these lines, I'd get a Ford, and Bill Smith hasn't offered to pay me a cent for this notice. But I'm sure he will send me something just as soon as he reads it, and I hope some one will send him a marked copy of this paper. I mean mark what I am here writing, and, better still, if they would send old man Ford a copy he might give me one of these new models. I see where he is returning about fifteen million dollars to those who bought Fords last year and a few paltry hundred to me would never be missed by him, and then I would write another boost for the Ford, provided of course the editor would print it, and if he didn't I wouldn't write any more, and I know that would bring him to terms, because my stuff is the best stuff he prints, and I'm not a bit egotistic about it—don't you see. But here is the poem:

### Trouble.

The man who buys an auto car,  
But first the price must borrow,  
Will never travel very far  
Before he meets with sorrow.

His punishment begins indeed  
When it is his desire  
To show his friends a bit of speed  
And "Bloody!" goes a tire.

And when he's got some friends 'way out  
To some far sylvan scene  
His gladness is all put to rout  
By lack of gasoline.

You may be right in what you wrote.  
Of troubles there a horde;  
But boys, they'll never get MY goat—  
I'm gonna get a Ford!

Well, we have about reached another Memorial day. It is a beautiful custom to place flowers upon the graves of the brave boys who risked their lives on the battlefield in a cause which they believed to be right and just, and who were willing to give up their life in that cause. There are some left, but the ranks are growing mighty thin. Look at the list of those of our own county who have gone to the great beyond since the last Memorial day, and before another comes many more will have passed to that great "unknown." I trust that this beautiful custom will never cease while there is a one of the descendants of these brave boys left. If it does, woe to the nation. You remember that I quoted just the other day what Father Ryan wrote about the land of memories. The preacher referred to it Sunday afternoon in his remarks at Rosemont. "A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be it ever so beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated corner of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of heart and history. Crowns of roses fade—crowns of thorn endure. Calvaries and crucifixes take deepest hold of humanity—the triumphs of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations." Isn't that beautiful and true? Let us ever keep in mind the crucifixes and the sufferings of those whose memory we keep fresh on these Memorial days.

And that reminds me. I was at Rosemont Sunday afternoon and I was disappointed. Sadly disappointed. Not at the crowd nor at the remarks of the preacher. But, listen, didn't a notice appear in the county papers the other day signed by the committees from the cemetery association and Civic association calling upon the people who had lots to clean them up or to make this last week clean-up week at the cemetery? Well, well, I wonder what the people thought when they went over there? Some of the ladies had a hard time finding some of the graves of the old vets to place the laurel wreath thereon, so many were the weeds and vines that covered the mound. And then those driveways. Why didn't the cemetery association set the pace by having them made presentable? Oh, the pity of it all. Some one said, you know, and it is pretty true, that you could judge the life and progress and public spirit of any com-

## GRAVEST SITUATION YET TO BE SETTLED

WASHINGTON WAITS FOR WILSON'S MOVE.

President Spends 24 Hours in Studying Every Phase of Lusitania Sinking From Every Aspect.

Washington, May 9.—What action the United States government will take as a result of the sinking of the take as a result of the sinking of the British liner Lusitania with a loss of more than 100 American lives is tonight an undetermined question. President Wilson during the last 24 hours has been studying every phase of the case from its legal and humanitarian aspect. That he feels deeply distressed over the incident and realized the people of the United States expect to express in some pronounced fashion their indignation was indicated by the statement issued from the white house last night.

Nothing more was added today to the few significant sentences of this utterance—that the president was "considering very earnestly, but very calmly, the right course of action to pursue" and that "he knows the people of the country wish and expect him to act with deliberation as well as with firmness."

Until all the official reports are received from Ambassadors Page and Gerard, at London and Berlin, respectively, it was not expected that any action would be taken.

### THE NEWS OF PROSPERITY.

Fine Memorial Address of Mr. Henry C. Tillman—Old Folks' Day Sunday.

Special to The Herald and News. Prosperity, May 15.—Mr. H. C. Tillman, of Greenwood, delivered the memorial address before the William Lester chapter, U. D. C., at Prosperity Monday afternoon. Mr. Tillman is the song, "There is a Fountain Filled with grace was enjoyed so much by his hearers that we will publish it in full for the benefit of those who were unable to be present in the next issue of The Herald and News.

Sunday, May 16th, will be "Old Folks' day." Everybody invited and dinner will be served on the grounds. The program is as follows:

Voluntary, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arm."  
Scripture and prayer.  
Song, "There is a Fountain Filled with Blood."  
Welcome, by primary children.  
Welcome, Mr. J. B. Ballentine.  
Response, Mr. R. C. Counts.  
Song, "Arise, My Soul, Arise."  
Address, Congressman A. F. Lever.  
Voluntary, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing."  
Announcements.  
Song, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Miss Kathleen Counts, of Little Mountain, spent the week-end with Miss Susan Quattlebaum.

Mrs. W. A. Moseley leaves this week for Jacksonville to visit her daughter, Mrs. D. E. Ridgell.

Dr. D. C. Coughman and Mr. Hart Kohn, of Columbia, spent Sunday with Mr. A. B. Wise.

Mr. C. F. Saner has returned from Florida.

Mr. Wm. Seel, of Columbia, has been visiting Mrs. A. G. Wise.

Dr. E. P. Taylor, of Batesburg, is spending a few days with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Taylor.

Miss Isoline Wyche spent Saturday and Sunday in Columbia, the guest of Miss Kate Thompson.

Dr. G. Y. Hunter spent Friday in Columbia.

Dr. Y. M. Brown and C. P. Barre, of Newberry, spent the week-end at home.

Mr. Creighton, of Greenwood, has been visiting his sister, Miss Martha Creighton.

Miss Louise Richardson, of Mountville, is the guest of Miss Clara Brown.

Rev. R. K. Rogers, of Due West Seminary, preached in the A. R. P. church Sabbath, and while here was the guest of Mr. G. D. Brown.

Rev. and Mrs. Z. W. Bedenbaugh are spending a few days in Newberry.

Mr. Campbell Lake is visiting in Aiken.

### THE IDLER.

I read the following in some paper the other day: "The lad who couldn't tell you the name of the vice president is the same fellow who can tell you how to run the government." Now, I'm that fellow, or lad, just as you want to put it. I think, however, that the name of the vice president just now is Marshall, but what Marshall blamed if I can recall. But if you want to know how to run the government here's your fellow who can tell you just how it should be done. And I would do it with less law and less machinery and less annoyance to the individual. I think when our dad-dies came over here and established this government they were trying to get away from so many laws and so much regulation of individual conduct and they undertook to establish a simple sort of government and to base it on the consent of the governed, and fought to establish and maintain some few personal rights, and they had in

mind what Pope said about government. I believe it was Pope—I mean Pope the poet. It ran something like this:

For forms of government let fools contest,  
What's best administered is best.

Now that's the point. We don't need so much law. We are trying to regulate too much. If we ride on a railroad train and happen to get a cinder in our eye we want to pass a law to make the railroads put up cinder protectors. And we get more cinders than we had before. We want to pass a law about everything. I expect to see the legislature at the next session pass a law requiring every one to eat waffles on Wednesday night. And to tell us what we must eat on Sunday morning. Why, I could tell Zack Wright just how this town should be run. But I'm not going to do it because I know he wants to be elected again, and if he followed my advice he would have an ideal town, but he would be sure to be defeated when he first appeared after he did what I said.

Why, didn't the last legislature pass a law saying that we should plant only so much cotton? They should have said just how much corn and oats and wheat we must plant. And when the sign in the moon was right for planting. I don't see why they don't pass a law requiring every merchant to do a certain amount of advertising in The Herald and News each issue. And to make every man in Newberry county subscribe for the paper and pay for it. But if I were running this government I wouldn't pass so many laws, but I would have law enforcement. You bet I would, and then there would soon be a demand for the repeal of these laws.

But listen. I read a little poem in a paper the other day on trouble. I want to give it to you. I know there are some hereabout who will appreciate the sentiment. Now, I don't pretend to be understood as knowing anything in the world about Ford cars or real automobiles, but my observation leads me to conclude that the Ford goes and comes about as regularly and constantly as any of the others, and

THE IDLER.